

## ONE GOVERNOR'S TRUST REVEALED.

Rodgers, of Washington, Says Public Ownership Is the Plan.

LORIMER IS INDORSED.

Student Body and Many of Brown Faculty Delighted by His Sermon.

Austin, Tex., June 19.—Governor Rogers received to-day a letter from Governor Rodgers, of Washington, condemning his anti-trust convention as a political movement. Governor Rodgers expresses the belief that legislative action which seeks to control the formation and management of trusts will prove ineffectual. He cannot see how the natural and fundamental right of either natural or corporate persons to buy and sell can be interfered with by legal enactment under our Constitution.

"For this reason," he concludes, "I can see no remedy for the trust evil save public ownership."

### DR. LORIMER'S SERMON INDORSED BY BROWN.

Providence, R. I., June 19.—The sensational and highly spiced attack made upon the trusts and greedy capitalists generally by the Rev. George C. Lorimer, of Tremont Temple Church, Boston, in his baccalaureate sermon to the Brown University graduates yesterday, was on all tongues to-day, but interest at the university on the hill, however, was much more intense than that of the townspeople.

In view of the outcome of the case of Professor Andrews, members of the faculty of Brown University declined to allow their names to be used in connection with remarks on the trusts to-day. But at least two of the old professors and most of the younger members of the faculty are delighted with Dr. Lorimer's talk. The student body is enthusiastic.

The anti-Andrews faction in the faculty is wroth at the roasting given to trusts by the Boston preacher. It was announced to-day that the faculty will have something to say about the choice of a speaker to deliver the next baccalaureate sermon.

### ANOTHER COLLEGE SERMON ON TRUSTS.

Madison, Wis., June 19.—Unexpected and sensational were the remarks on trusts delivered by President Charles Henry Adams, of the University of Wisconsin, in his baccalaureate address to the graduating classes this afternoon. He pronounced the trust a national outgrowth of prevailing conditions.

The beneficent civilizing influences accompanying expansion far outweigh, he said, any evils resulting therefrom.

### ONLY ONE JOB FOR FAITHFUL WORKERS.

McKinley's Civil Service Ruling Proves to Be a Local Frost—Many After Places.

When President McKinley shook a lot of good jobs out of the civil service list recently local Republicans began to figure on how many of them would come here. Their faith in the political shrewdness and activity of Platt and Quigg made them hopeful that an era of unprecedented prosperity was at hand. But these hopes have faded.

Only six jobs fell out of the civil service tree for this city. They called for three post office finance clerks, one deputy collector, one deputy surveyor and a deputy naval officer. The pay of each one of these jobs is \$2,500 a year except the job of deputy collector, which is \$3,000.

At least three hundred Republican machine men demanded these jobs. Every district leader had six candidates for them; Republicans of the Union League Club type begged for the privilege of distributing the jobs to their friends. Then there were a lot of men who were making demands on their own account, and who were fortified with letters and petitions. The Republican camp was like a hornet's nest. Suddenly it grew quiet. The six jobs had dwindled to one. This one was the \$2,500 job as deputy naval officer. The unfortunate Democrat who held the place is to be driven out, and Naval Officer Sharkey, who is a Brooklyn man, will make the appointment when Platt picks out the man.

Collector Bidwell, Postmaster Van Cott and Surveyor Croft have refused to make any changes. They argue that the Democrats whom they have been dragged out of the protection of the civil service have been in the public service a long time, and that the duties they perform are technical and important, and that it would be dangerous to put green men in their places. Platt and Quigg yielded readily to the decision of the three chiefs, but there is a heap of crying and gnashing of teeth on the part of Richard three hundred who expected to get the jobs.

### JOHN C. SHEEHAN WINS PRELIMINARY SKIRMISH.

Tammany Awards Him Custody of the Ballots to Be Used in the September Primaries.

John C. Sheehan has won his first skirmish in the contest to establish his claim to the Tammany leadership of the Ninth District. The Police Board yesterday decided that he was entitled to the custody of the ballots for inspectors and poll and other clerks, to be used at the September primaries. George L. Plunkett, chairman of the Tammany Hall Committee on Elections, announced that the ballots would be turned over to Mr. Sheehan. Chairman Plunkett stands with Richard Croker on any and all propositions usually.

### BENO FEELS FINE AFTER BURIAL FOR EIGHT DAYS.

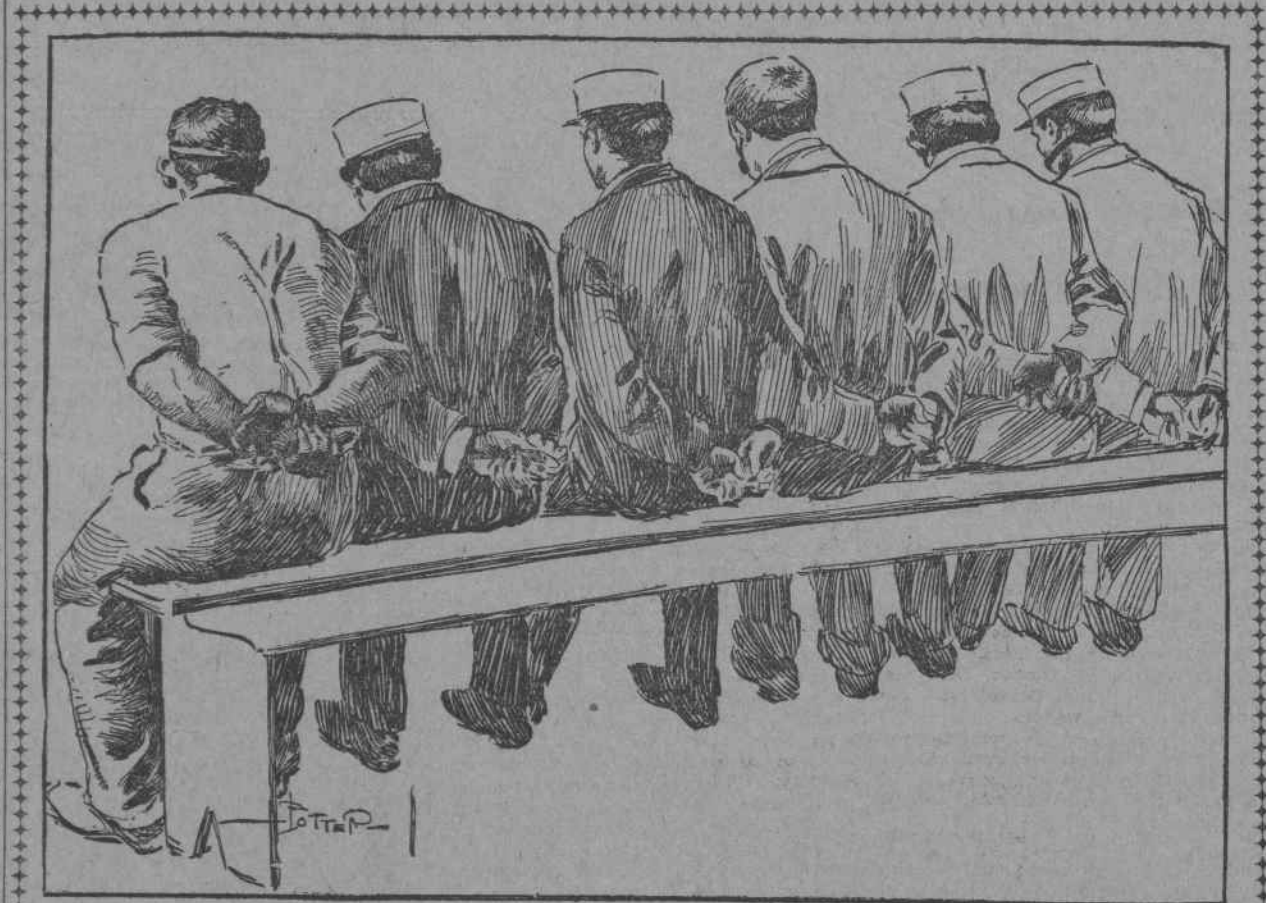
Only Visible Effect of His Feet a Scar Where He Bumped Against a Coffin Nail.

Chicago, June 19.—Henry Beno, a Rip Van Winkle up-to-date, awoke from his sleep of eight days last night and walked out of his living grave. After a meal of chicken broth, boiled eggs and crackers he declared he was "feeling fine."

Save for a few stiff bones and a scar on his forehead, which tells how he awoke from a trance one night and pumped his head on a coffin nail, he seemed none the worse for his temporary burial.

Captain George Rathbone, of Company C, Twelfth Infantry, was unanimously elected major last night in the election on Columbus avenue. Major Dyer is a son of Governor Dyer, of Rhode Island.

## 10 MASKE ME B N 6 A D G E O F F W T H \$ 4 , 4 0 0 .



The Six Fairmount Employees as They Were Bound by Robbers.

Ten bold "cracksmen" entered the office of a street railway company near Philadelphia, and at the point of revolvers bound the employees and rifled the safe, using, to help out their own crowbar, tools belonging to the company. They got away with \$4,400.

### Cut Telephone Wires First, to Prevent Interruption, Enter the Fairmount Company's Office at Belmont and Then Use the Firm's Tools to Crack the Safe.

Philadelphia, Pa., June 19.—The boldest and most desperate robbery ever perpetrated in Philadelphia was committed early this morning.

A band of ten masked robbers surrounded the office of the Fairmount Transportation Company, at Belmont, West Park, and after holding up a half-dozen employees at the muzzles of revolvers, bound and gagged them and made off with about \$4,400 in cash.

The robbery was planned with the strategy of a military genius and executed with the dash and daring of a band of Western outlaws.

The Fairmount Park Transportation Company has a line of trolley cars running through the park, and the office at Belmont is in a rather out-of-the-way place. The rule of the company has been to deposit the receipts every other day, owing to the lack of banking facilities. To guard against robbery, two watchmen are employed.

Saturday and Sunday being the heaviest days of the week, the robbers waited until all the receipts were turned in at night. It was here that the cunning of the robbers became evident. To guard against surprise, the telephone and telegraph wires were cut to avoid communication with the city, and after a picket line had been thrown around the vicinity to guard against a surprise the remainder of the band approached the office.

It was shortly after 1 o'clock this morning. The men working in the office were: Frank Levan, night receiver; Charles A. Watson, night conductor; Henry B. Whitehouse, night conductor; James Cavanaugh, foreman of the power house; William Cadmus, laborer, and Philip Eaves, electrician.

It was shortly after 1 o'clock this morning. The men working in the office were: Frank Levan, night receiver; Charles A. Watson, night conductor; Henry B. Whitehouse, night conductor; James Cavanaugh, foreman of the power house; William Cadmus, laborer, and Philip Eaves, electrician.

Mount Vernon, N. Y., June 19.—Because his wife, Mary, placed him over her knee and spanked him with a slipper, Dennis Ansky, of Port Chester, had her arrested to-day on a warrant charging assault.

Ansky is a carpenter. He told Judge Parker, of Port Chester, that on Sunday afternoon his wife asked him to go down into the basement and get a scuttle of coal. He was reading a newspaper at the time and did not hear her at first. She repeated her request and Dennis became angry and swore.

"You will swear at me?" Mrs. Ansky angrily exclaimed, and, seizing her husband, she gave him a thorough chastisement with her slipper, at the same time exclaiming: "Take that, and that, for swearing at me!"

When she ceased she pushed him into a chair and went after the coal herself. The neighbors heard Ansky's cries for help, while being spanked, and when they learned the cause they laughed so loudly and made so much fun of him that Ansky became angry and rushed down to Judge Baker's office on Main street.

"I want a warrant right away for my wife," he excitedly said. "She assaulted me. She spanked me. The neighbors are making fun of it."

Judge Parker issued the necessary papers, and set the trial down for Tuesday afternoon. Mrs. Ansky is tall and muscular. Her husband is a small man, and he is a good match for her, either in physical force or will power.

### MISS GRANT COMING.

Her Aunt, Mrs. Potter Palmer, is Now en Route to Newport.

Chicago, June 19.—Mrs. Potter Palmer left Chicago for Newport this afternoon, to remain during the summer and probably until after the wedding of her niece, Miss Julia Grant, to Prince Cantacuzene of Russia.

Miss Grant and her mother will leave for Newport on Wednesday. Mr. Potter Palmer will remain in Chicago probably for several weeks.

"Gentleman Burglar" Gets 11 Years. Edward Dooney, who is claimed by the police to be the cleverest fake key burglar in the business, was yesterday sentenced by Judge Fort, in Newark, to eleven years in the State Prison. Dooney is known as "The Gentleman Burglar."

Coax your stomach back to prompt action by Dr. Johnson's Digestive Tablets.

Sitting in his office, Night Engineer Levan had just finished counting the day's receipts, and had put them in the safe. They aggregated \$3,300, which with \$1,100 deposited by the day receiver, made \$4,400. Suddenly he was startled by the command: "Get up!"

A big, broad-shouldered fellow, attired in gray, confronted him. The visitor had a handkerchief over the upper part of his face, and there were holes in it for the eyes. A revolver was grasped in the right hand.

"Get up," said the man in gray. "We're going to rob the safe." A second burglar, equipped like the first, with a revolver and having his face concealed with a handkerchief, entered the room and seized Levan by the arm and, at the pistol's muzzle, marched him due to the conductors' room on the other side of the partition.

Meanwhile Conductor Watson had been awakened from a doze in the adjoining room by the command: "Sit with your face to the wall, or I'll blow your head off."

Bound with Picture Wire. Watson swung around and replied: "Get out of here! What do you mean?"

"Then he saw he was starting into the barrel of a revolver. There was a man with a drawn pistol at each of the two doors and another man stood at the window. One masked robber seized him by the leg and another by the shoulder. They turned his face to the wall and, using twisted picture hanging wire, tied his hands behind his back and fastened his ankles well.

A minute later Receiver Levan was brought in by his captor and was similarly bound. Whitehouse, Cadmus and Eaves were in the oil house, which adjoins the conductors' room. They were eating supper when three of the thieves came upon them and forced them to go into the conductors' room, where they, too, were seated on the bench and neatly trussed up with picture wire. While the men were being tied with bell rang. It was the private phone with

the power house that the robbers had overlooked. The engineer was ringing to learn why the power had not been turned off. A moment later there was a "snap, snap," and the telephone wires had been cut. Engineer Bergen, over in the power house, wondering why he could get no answer, told his foreman, James Kavanaugh, to go to the car barn and learn the trouble. Kavanaugh no sooner reached the entrance to the barn than he encountered a masked robber and revolver. He was taken into the conductors' room and trussed up like the rest.

Used the Company's Tools. The prisoners were lined along a bench and gagged. Then the robbers, leaving two on guard, went for the safe. They first chiseled off the handle on the safe door and then they drilled a hole through the door and put in a small quantity of nitro-glycerine. The explosion was not powerful enough to break the lock or weaken the door. Although the burglars had their own tools, they came to the conclusion that the work was too heavy to accomplish with them, and they wear to the barn machine tools.

After the robbers disappeared the bound and gagged men made desperate efforts to free themselves. After an hour's hard work Eaves, the electrician, got his hands free and took the handles off of the hands of the others. He hastened then to the Belmont pumping station and notified the police.

This afternoon detectives arrested three men in the park on suspicion. They are Peter Duffett and Charles Smith, of Newark, and Albert Leeds, of this city.

"I shall be very much surprised if the tax rate this year goes above \$2.50. It does not believe, as the Comptroller has intimated, that it will be in the neighborhood of \$2.01, on account of the \$7,000,000 deficit caused by debts contracted by the outgoing boroughs prior to consolidation, a part of which will have to be shouldered by Manhattan.

"In spite of this burden and the proportion of the State tax that may be imposed upon us, I feel confident the tax rate for this year will be under \$2.50."—Statement by President of the Tax Board Thomas L. Feltner.

The above utterance of the president of the Tax Department, made yesterday after a two-hours' conference with the State Tax Commissioners, will be thrice welcome to the taxpayers of Manhattan, who have been looking forward to a much higher tax rate for 1899.

President Feltner's statement indicates his belief that at last New York is to have fair treatment at the hands of the State Board of Equalization of Taxes at its meeting in September.

For the first time in many years there is a New York City man on the State Tax Commission, and as New York City bears about 65 per cent of the State's tax burden it seems high time she had 65 per cent worth of representation on the State Board.

The new Commissioner, J. Edgar Leary, a real estate man of experience, is making a tour of all the counties of the State for the purpose of securing official figures as to assessed values. This has never before been possible.

The work is being done thoroughly by Mr. Learycraft, and when he submits his figures in September it is predicted there will be a change in the county rates. The conference was exceedingly animated, President Feltner speaking his mind freely in reference to the unfair treatment accorded the taxpayers of Manhattan who have been looking forward to a much higher tax rate for 1899.

The increase in assessed valuations of property in this city this year will not affect the State taxes, as the assessments for 1898 are made. New York County paid \$5,704,871.81 of the State's taxes last year, and Brooklyn \$4,170,735.

The results of the State Tax Commissioners' work will not be made known until September.

There is a Gathering of the Clans, but the Death of One Leader Cools the General Ardor.

London, Ky., June 19.—G. B. Lettie, the attorney for the Bakers, arrived here to-night, and expressed the opinion that the Baker-Howard feud is at an end. "The killing of Tom Baker, depriving the faction, as it does, of a leader," said he, "has virtually broken the backbone of the feud. There may be a few more killings, but I think the worst is over."

The Whites are boasting that Jim Howard will not hang, even if he is convicted. They have come into possession of two Krag-Jorgensen rifles, stolen from the soldiers, and have plenty of ammunition for them.

Jim Howard has applied for heavy insurance in a New York life insurance company, but so far has been unable to obtain the same. Jim Roberts, Lathier Patron, Jim Hinchey and Steve Britton, White-Hoax aid fighters, arrived here to-day, and the gathering of the clans at this place is giving no little uneasiness.

Albert Istinger, fourteen years old, was the first victim. He lives with his parents at No. 112 Mauger street. On June 11 he was playing with other lads at Leonard and Mauger streets, when Frank Peterman, a boy about his own age, came along. Young Peterman lives at No. 112 Boesling street, and is said to be a harmless lad.

Apparently without preface a pistol was discharged, and young Istinger fell to the pavement. At the crack Peterman fled, while the others, quite horrified, gathered about their companion.

He was shot in the hip, and was bleeding profusely. His friends helped him home, where his mother examined the wound. No blood appeared superficial, she concluded to do without a surgeon. So the boy was put to bed with his wound bandaged only by his mother.

"It was Peterman that did it," he said. "He shot me for spite."

Yesterday the boy was seized with convulsions. A doctor was summoned, but could do nothing. He was in the last throes of tetanus, and last night he died. Peterman was arrested. He said the shooting was accidental.

Put Out His Sister's Eye. Dicky Mock, of No. 327 Stagg street, had a doberist rifle, unknown to his parents. They went out yesterday leaving the boy to amuse his seven-year-old sisters, Rosie, seven years old, and May, two years old.

He was not interested in the rifle, and wished to play Santa Claus. But the boy wouldn't oblige her by assuming the part, so Rosie dressed up for it herself. "I want to play highway robbers," said he. "I don't want to play any old Santa Claus." Dicky, said his sister, "I'm going to play what I please."

"Hands up!" yelled her brother, pointing the rifle. The little girl looked up, and at that the weapon exploded. Rosie toppled forward on her face, with a bullet through her left eye.

The other children ran screaming from the house at the shot, and attracted the attention of neighbors. An ambulance was summoned from St. Catharine's Hospital, and after a delicate operation the bullet was removed.

But Rosie, they said, may be mortally injured, and even if she recovers she will lose the sight of one eye. Her brother was arrested.

Broke His Playmate's Jaw. For want of a better plaything, Alexander Herlick, of No. 60 Gay street, borrowed his father's revolver. For a while he had a great time playing Indian up and down the stairs. In the midst of this game he pulled the trigger, and a bullet came out of the barrel of No. 12 India street, a lad of his own age, came in to play with him.

"No, it won't," answered the other, "it ain't loaded."

But he pulled the trigger, and a bullet came out of the barrel of No. 12 India street, a lad of his own age, came in to play with him.

"No, it won't," answered the other, "it ain't loaded."

But he pulled the trigger, and a bullet came out of the barrel of No. 12 India street, a lad of his own age, came in to play with him.

"No, it won't," answered the other, "it ain't loaded."

But he pulled the trigger, and a bullet came out of the barrel of No. 12 India street, a lad of his own age, came in to play with him.

"No, it won't," answered the other, "it ain't loaded."

But he pulled the trigger, and a bullet came out of the barrel of No. 12 India street, a lad of his own age, came in to play with him.

"No, it won't," answered the other, "it ain't loaded."

But he pulled the trigger, and a bullet came out of the barrel of No. 12 India street, a lad of his own age, came in to play with him.

"No, it won't," answered the other, "it ain't loaded."

But he pulled the trigger, and a bullet came out of the barrel of No. 12 India street, a lad of his own age, came in to play with him.

## THREE CHILDREN PAY RATES.

One Dead, One Dying and a Third Badly Hurt. All in Williamsburg.

### MURDER IS CHARGED.

Albert Istinger Says That Frank Peterman Shot Him Out of Spite.

### LITTLE GIRL'S EYE PUT OUT.

Her Brother Playing Highway Robber Did It with a Floberist Rifle. Broke a Boy's Jaw.

One day's fun with firearms resulted yesterday at Williamsburg in the death of one boy, the serious injury of a second and the mortal wounding of a little girl. All three are different cases, and have merely the coincidence of occurring on the same day.

Albert Istinger, fourteen years old, was the first victim. He lives with his parents at No. 112 Mauger street. On June 11 he was playing with other lads at Leonard and Mauger streets, when Frank Peterman, a boy about his own age, came along. Young Peterman lives at No. 112 Boesling street, and is said to be a harmless lad.

Apparently without preface a pistol was discharged, and young Istinger fell to the pavement. At the crack Peterman fled, while the others, quite horrified, gathered about their companion.

He was shot in the hip, and was bleeding profusely. His friends helped him home, where his mother examined the wound. No blood appeared superficial, she concluded to do without a surgeon. So the boy was put to bed with his wound bandaged only by his mother.

"It was Peterman that did it," he said. "He shot me for spite."

Yesterday the boy was seized with convulsions. A doctor was summoned, but could do nothing. He was in the last throes of tetanus, and last night he died. Peterman was arrested. He said the shooting was accidental.

Put Out His Sister's Eye. Dicky Mock, of No. 327 Stagg street, had a doberist rifle, unknown to his parents. They went out yesterday leaving the boy to amuse his seven-year-old sisters, Rosie, seven years old, and May, two years old.

He was not interested in the rifle, and wished to play Santa Claus. But the boy wouldn't oblige her by assuming the part, so Rosie dressed up for it herself. "I want to play highway robbers," said he. "I don't want to play any old Santa Claus." Dicky, said his sister, "I'm going to play what I please."

"Hands up!" yelled her brother, pointing the rifle. The little girl looked up, and at that the weapon exploded. Rosie toppled forward on her face, with a bullet through her left eye.

The other children ran screaming from the house at the shot, and attracted the attention of neighbors. An ambulance was summoned from St. Catharine's Hospital, and after a delicate operation the bullet was removed.

But Rosie, they said, may be mortally injured, and even if she recovers she will lose the sight of one eye. Her brother was arrested.

Broke His Playmate's Jaw. For want of a better plaything, Alexander Herlick, of No. 60 Gay street, borrowed his father's revolver. For a while he had a great time playing Indian up and down the stairs. In the midst of this game he pulled the trigger, and a bullet came out of the barrel of No. 12 India street, a lad of his own age, came in to play with him.

"No, it won't," answered the other, "it ain't loaded."

But he pulled the trigger, and a bullet came out of the barrel of No. 12 India street, a lad of his own age, came in to play with him.

"No, it won't," answered the other, "it ain't loaded."

But he pulled the trigger, and a bullet came out of the barrel of No. 12 India street, a lad of his own age, came in to play with him.

"No, it won't," answered the other, "it ain't loaded."

But he pulled the trigger, and a bullet came out of the barrel of No. 12 India street, a lad of his own age, came in to play with him.

"No, it won't," answered the other, "it ain't loaded."

But he pulled the trigger, and a bullet came out of the barrel of No. 12 India street, a lad of his own age, came in to play with him.

"No, it won't," answered the other, "it ain't loaded."

But he pulled the trigger, and a bullet came out of the barrel of No. 12 India street, a lad of his own age, came in to play with him.

"No, it won't," answered the other, "it ain't loaded."

But he pulled the trigger, and a bullet came out of the barrel of No. 12 India street, a lad of his own age, came in to play with him.

"No, it won't," answered the other, "it ain't loaded."

But he pulled the trigger, and a bullet came out of the barrel of No. 12 India street, a lad of his own age, came in to play with him.

"No, it won't," answered the other, "it ain't loaded."

But he pulled the trigger, and a bullet came out of the barrel of No. 12 India street, a lad of his own age, came in to play with him.

## DALY Remembers Ada Rehan and WILL Other Players in His

The Last Testament of the Dead Manager Opens with a Prayer—Thousands Attend the Funeral Services Over His Remains at the Cathedral.

AUGUSTIN DALY'S will, filed for probate yesterday, dated January 20, 1898, will be admitted to-day. It begins with a prayer for forgiveness for whom he may have injured, and declares his own forgiveness of injuries, adding: "I pray that Almighty God may be merciful to us all."

He leaves his widow all personal effects in his residence and all moneys in bank and securities; an annuity of \$300 to his mother and some mementoes to his brother's children. He desires his wife to give Miss Ada Rehan the Empire furniture in his private office, "in remembrance of the many years in which I have benefited by her unselfish interest in my concerns." Mementoes are also left to his friends James C. Duff, Richard Dorney, Arthur Dorney, Richard M. Henry and Alexander Milne; to his "faithful employees," George Clarke, Mrs. Gilbert, Herbert Grosham, Sidney Herbert, Michael Ryan, Henry Hoyt, Thomas Mangum, Patrick McCarthy, Richard Redding, Owen Gornly, Anna Wiegand, Lizzie Simonds, Anne Stringer, and any others in his employ five years or longer. He leaves his brother, former Justice Daly, his correspondence and papers for biographical purposes only.

The will directs the executors to continue the business of the theatres in New York and London so long as they deem it proper. The net profits are to be divided at the end of each year as follows:

Forty per cent or more, in the executors' discretion, to be divided among such of these persons as remain in the executors' employ; 50 per cent of the sum to Ada Rehan; the other 50 per cent, proportionately to their salaries, among Mrs. G. H. Gilbert, Richard Dorney, John Farrington, George Clarke and Sidney Herbert.

The remaining profits to be divided thus: Ten per cent to be divided equally among twelve scheduled charitable institutions; 10 per cent to his brother during his lifetime; the remainder 80 per cent to his widow.

When his executors see that they may close the theatres and sell all leases and other property connected therewith, the proceeds to be divided as follows:

Ten per cent to the charities mentioned; 10 per cent to his brother; 20 per cent to Ada Rehan, and the remainder to his widow. In case of Mrs. Daly's death before the sale its proceeds will be divided one-quarter to the charities, one-quarter to his brother, one-quarter to Ada Rehan and the remainder as provided in clause 6, which deals with schemes of division based on the possibilities of the deaths of beneficiaries before his own.

The following are the charities scheduled: The Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum, the Home for the Aged of the Little Sisters of the Poor, the Association for Beneficent Children and Young Girls, St. Joseph's Hospital for Consumptives and Incurables, the Society of St. Vincent de Paul (the branch thereof having charge of the parish of St. Patrick's Cathedral), the Mission of Our Lady of the Rosary, and St. Zita's Home and Refuge, in the parish of St. Patrick's Cathedral, all in the city of New York.

The executors are the wife, Mary D. Daly; the brother, Joseph F. Daly, and the testator's friend, Richard Dorney.

### GATHERING AT FUNERAL TYPICAL OF NEW YORK.

That Augustin Daly was mourned as deeply by men and women of every class as by the men and women of his own profession was shown yesterday morning, when the vast limits of St. Patrick's Cathedral barely sufficed to contain the chosen thousands bidden to attend the church's last rite over his dead body.

The church was filled and the doors were shut on the crowds at 9.30 o'clock. Laid out upon the altar of St. Augustine, Mr. Daly's gift to the Cathedral, in honor of his patron, and flowers were heaped before it. About the sanctuary were grouped the floral tokens from his friends. These included a wreath of roses on a pedestal of lilies, sent by Joseph J. O'Donohue, a cross of white roses on a pedestal of lilies, from Mrs. O'Donohue, Oliver Livingstone Jones had placed a great cross of Easter lilies near the sanctuary gate.

Mr. and Mrs. George Gould, whose friendship for Mr. Daly dated from Mrs. Gould's membership and success in his company as Edith Kingston, sent a wreath of lilies. The Drury Lane Theatre Company, Daly's dramatic company, the employees of Daly's Theatre and those of the Leicester Square Theatre, London, sent floral tributes. The American Musical and Pedestal of lilies, and the Lambs' Club a wreath of blue corn flowers.

The organist and musical director of the Cathedral, Dr. W. F. Pecher, assisted by a choir of seventy-five volunteer musicians from George Furlong, of No. 12 India street, a lad of his own age, came in to play with him.

"No, it won't," answered the other, "it ain't loaded."